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BLACK WIDOW
DEADLY ORIGIN
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THE FRINGES OF SPACE, HIGH OVER NEVADA.
OKAY.
I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE.

WHAT?
I'M NOT YOUR PARTNER.
I REPLACED HIM FIVE MINUTES BEFORE YOU STOLE THIS PLANE.
THE C.I.A. SHOULD BE STRIPPING DOWN HIS CEREBRAL CORTEX ABOUT NOW.
YOU KNOW ALL THOSE THINGS I SAID "CHECK" TO DURING THE PRE-FLIGHT ROUTINE?
YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHECK SOME OF THEM AGAIN.

WELL.
THAT CHANGES THE GAME.
BLEEP
I JUST SET OFF THE BOMB IN MY PARTNER'S HEAD. HE PROBABLY TOOK SEVERAL C.I.A. OFFICERS WITH HIM.
TIK
WELL.
THAT CHANGES THE GAME.
I'M STILL GOING TO BRING YOU BACK FOR INTERROGATION.
ONCE I'VE FOUND OUT WHERE YOU'RE MEANT TO TAKE THIS AIRCRAFT.
BUT NOW I'M HAPPY TO HURT YOU IN THE PROCESS.
OH YEAH? WELL NOW YOU CAN'T FLY HER--
--THERE GOES THE GROUND CONTROL LINK I GUESS YOU WERE RELYING ON.
SO NOW I'M IN CHARGE. MY GUYS GET TO INTERROGATE YOU, AND YOU MAY WELL ASK YOURSELF: WHAT SORT OF INTELLIGENCE OFFICER ALLOWS THIS TO HAPPEN?
ZZZRCH
ONE...
TEC
...WHO IS ALWAYS WILLING--

--TO DIE FOR THE MISSION.
KRAK

WHAK
WHUD
EHAK
GUHH--!
SHAK
KRAK
KLIK

HNNN--
WOOF
CLICK
WHA--?
KRAK

HNNN...
K-CHAK
SHOOM

TROPI
OF COURSE THE GUN DIDN'T WORK. NO AIR.
DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP OVER IT. THAT'S MY JOB.
THE BLACK WIDOW... THE ORIGINAL? WELL PLAYED.
KLH
GLACCK!
NO! A POISON CAPSULE! DAMN IT!
WHEN THE C.I.A. ARRIVES, TELL THEM I'M AT THE BLACKJACK TABLES.
MY LUCK HAS JUST GOT TO CHANGE.

BLACK WIDOW: DEADLY ORIGIN

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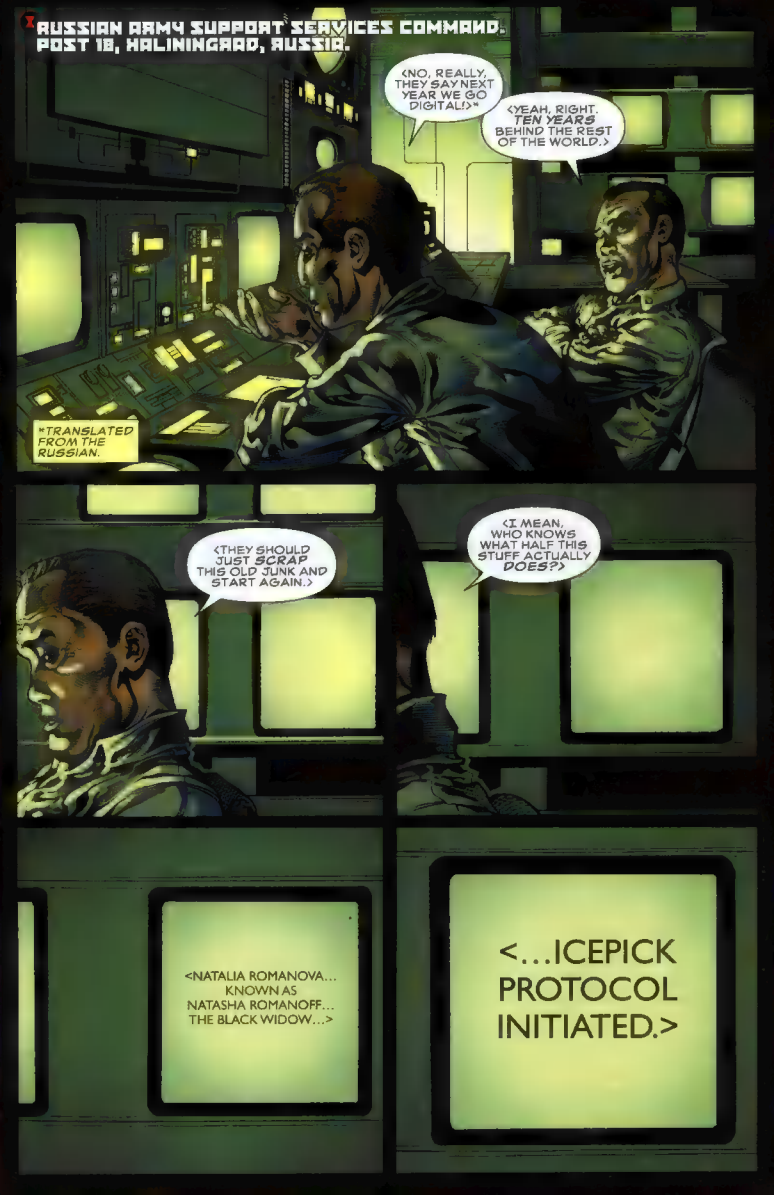
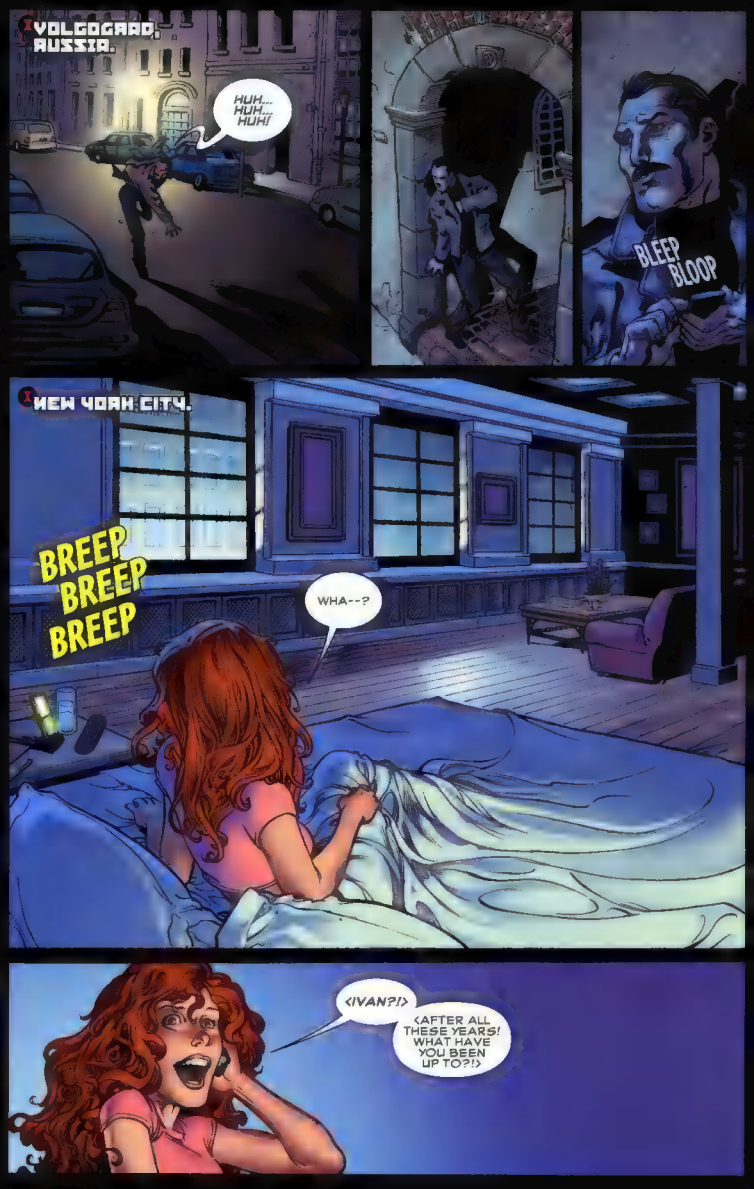

RUSSIAN ARMY SUPPORT SERVICES COMMAND. POST 18, KALININGRAD, RUSSIA.
<NO, REALLY, THEY SAY NEXT YEAR WE GO DIGITAL!>"
<YEAH, RIGHT. TEN YEARS BEHIND THE REST OF THE WORLD.>
"TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.
<THEY SHOULD JUST SCRAP THIS OLD JUNK AND START AGAIN.>
<I MEAN, WHO KNOWS WHAT HALF THIS STUFF ACTUALLY DOES?>
<NATALIA ROMANOVA... KNOWN AS NATASHA ROMANOFF... THE BLACK WIDOW...>
<...ICEPICK PROTOCOL INITIATED.>


VOLGOGRAD, RUSSIA.
HUH... HUH... HUH!
BLEEP BLOOP
NEW YORK CITY.
BREEP BREEP BREEP
WHA--?
<IVAN?!>
<AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?!>

(THERE'S NO TIME.)
(I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY--)
(TASHA, THE ICEPICK PROTOCOL HAS BEEN ACTIVATED.)
(ICEPICK? WHAT IS--?)
(IT'S BEEN ASSIGNED TO YOU!)
(TASHA, I--!)
AIEEEEEEEEE--!
BWA-BOOM!
IVAN?!

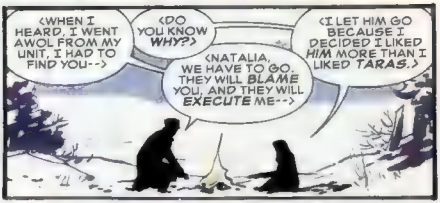
STALINGRAD, USSR, 1928.
<IVAN! THERE'S NOBODY LEFT IN HERE! THE IMPERIALISTS WENT ROOM TO ROOM!>
< YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND YOUR SISTER IN HERE, MATE!>
<WAIT! I HEARD SOMETHING! OVER THERE!>
<COMRADES, COMRADES, PLEASE--!>
<YOU LOOK LIKE THE COMRADE GENERAL SECRETARY HIMSELF!>
<I KNOW YOU'LL LOOK AFTER NATALIA. PLEASE UNDERSTAND--->
<SHE'S A ROMANOFF. BUT-->
<"INDEED, IVAN--">"

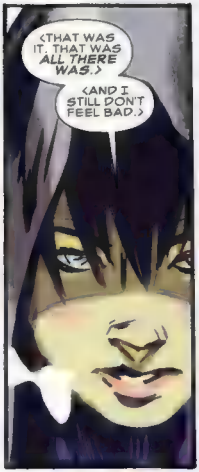
MOSCOW, USSR; 1938.
‹--ROMANOFF, THE FAMILY NAME OF THE CZARS. THE NAME OF THE FORMER TYRANTS, EH? ›
‹BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF US, AND WE'RE NOT ALL RELATED TO THEM.›
‹INDEED, SOME OF US HAVE PROSPERED UNDER COMMUNISM.›
‹THAT'S WHY I SOUGHT YOU OUT, COMRADE ROMANOFF.›
‹I'M OFF ON MILITARY SERVICE, AND...WELL, I'D BE THANKFUL IF SOMEONE HIGH UP IN THE PARTY TOOK A PATERNAL INTEREST IN MY NATALIA, RATHER THAN THOSE ORPHANAGES...›
‹THE PEOPLE'S ORPHANAGES ARE EXCELLENT, COMRADE.›
‹OF COURSE, COMRADE. THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. BUT SHE IS...MY LITTLE GIRL...›
‹YES. YES! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DEMONSTRATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL PUTTING HIS TRUST IN THE SOVIET SYSTEM!›
‹COMRADE... GENERAL SECRETARY STALIN?!›
‹I JUST HAPPENED TO BE TAKING A STROLL IN THE PARK. HA HA HA!›
‹WHEN I ENCOUNTERED THIS MOMENT OF PURE COMMUNIST SYNTHESIS!›
‹I BELIEVE COMRADE TARAS ROMANOFF HAS A SCHOOL WHICH WILL SUIT LITTLE NATALIA. HE CAN PUT SUCH ABLE PUPILS TO GOOD USE FOR THE PEOPLE.›
‹AND IF THE PUPIL IS NAMED ROMANOVA*...WELL. THAT'LL SHOW SOMETHING TO THE WORLD!›
HA HA HA!
*THE FEMALE FORM OF ROMANOFF.

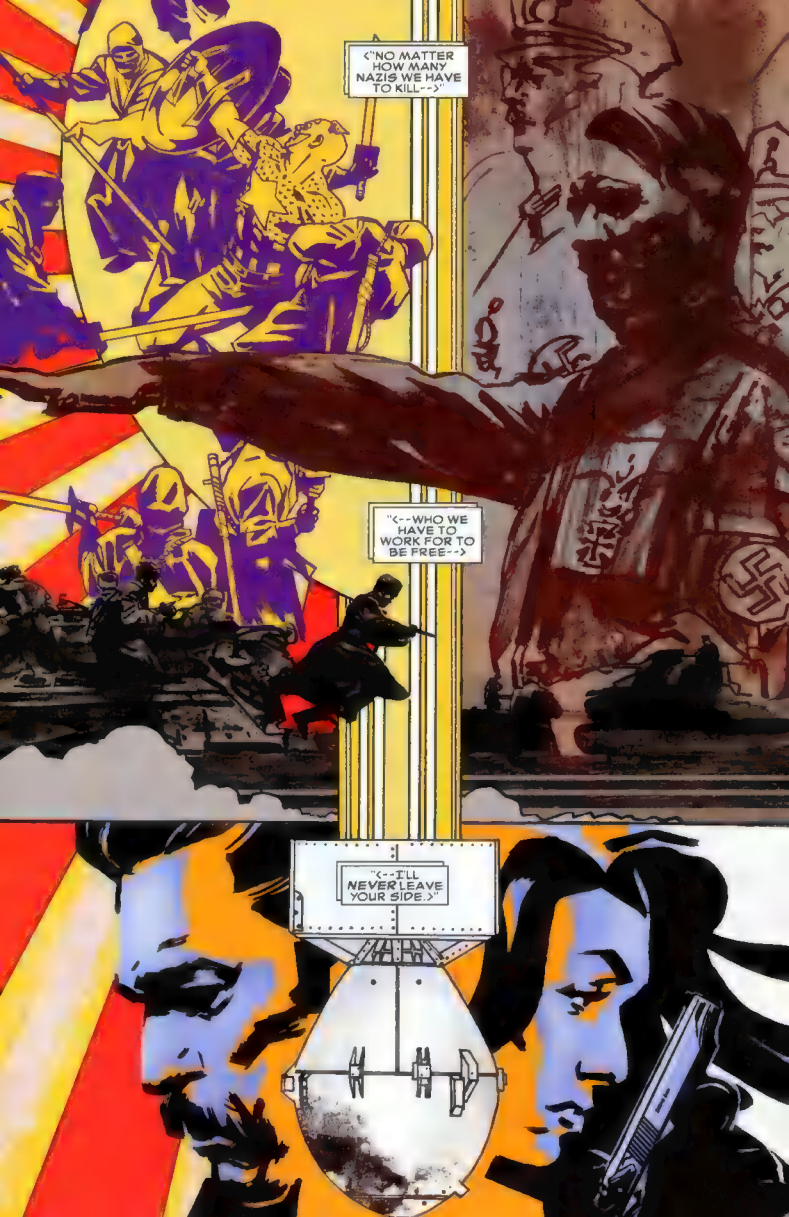
TRAINING FACILITY NEAR MOSCOW, USSR, 1940.
SHE NOW SEES ME AS HER FATHER, LOGAN. AND SINCE SHE CALLS YOU "LITTLE UNCLE"--
LOGAN, THE FUTURE WOLVERINE, ON SECRET ASSIGNMENT.
YOU SAYIN' WE'RE BROTHERS, TARAS?
I'M NOT SAYING A THING.
<NATALIA, WHEN YOU'VE COMPLETED THE EXERCISE -->
"--COME AND HAVE TEA WITH COMRADE LOGAN AND I."
<NATALIA, DO YOU REMEMBER A SOLDIER CALLED IVAN?>
<NO, DAD.>
SEE?! DIDN'T I TELL YOU?!

SO--
--WHO ARE YOU REALLY?
REALLY?
NO IDEA!
HAH!
ME NEITHER!
BUT I THINK--
--WE'LL BOTH HAVE A LONG TIME--
--TO FIND OUT.
KID, DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF WITH THE FUTURE.
FOR PEOPLE LIKE US--

"--THE *FUTURE'S* JUST ANOTHER *BAD DAY.*"






"NO MATTER HOW MANY NAZIS WE HAVE TO KILL--"
"<--WHO WE HAVE TO WORK FOR TO BE FREE-->
"<--I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOUR SIDE."

BERLIN, 1956.
...URGH...

<IVAN, I GOT SOME WATER... THE GANGS LEFT NOBODY ALIVE. I CAN'T FIND A MEDIC.>
<TAKE THIS. I'LL TRY AGAIN.>
<JUST *YOU* FROM NOW ON...>
<...PROUD OF YOU, MY LITTLE GIRL--->
<THE COMRADE NEEDS MEDICAL TREATMENT.>

<MY SUPERIORS OFFER YOU *BOTH* THIS CHEMICAL IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR RENEWED LOYALTY.>
<IT WILL HEAL HIM--AND INCREASE YOUR LIFE SPANS. BUT THERE IS AN EXTREMELY LIMITED SUPPLY, COMRADES.>
JAMES BARNES, THE WINTER SOLDIER, BRAINWASHED SOVIET SUPER-AGENT.

<DON'T... DON'T...>

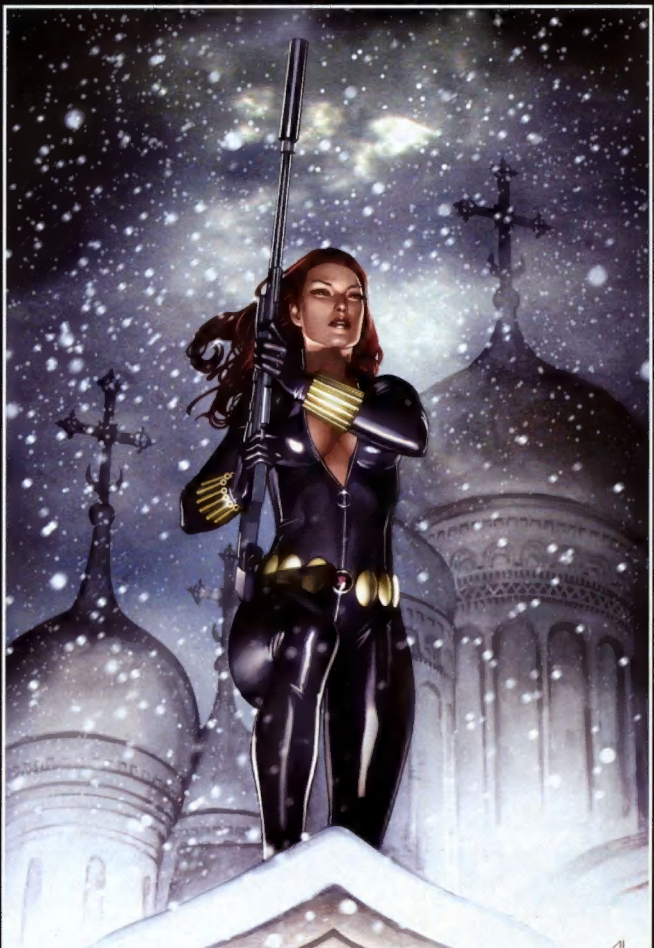
<WE SAY *YES.*>

VOLGOGRAD MORGUE. THE PRESENT.
<LET ME THROUGH. I HAVE TO SEE IVAN'S BODY.>
<WE'RE WAITING FOR THE POLICE. YOU MUSTN'T-->
<WHAT IS--?!>
<"ICEPICK PROTOCOL. FOR A TRAITOR.">
<IT SAYS EVERYONE I LOVE WILL DIE.>
ИЗМЁННИКУ ПРОТОКОЛ "ЛЕДОРУБ"
ВСЕ ТЕБЕ ЛЮБИМЫЕ УМРУТ,
<INTERESTING.>
<I'M GOING TO EXAMINE THE BODY NOW.>
<THEY TOOK HIS HEAD?! SO HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS IS REALLY HIM?>
<FROM EVERY BLOOD TEST, EVERY GENETIC TEST...NOW, WILL YOU PLEASE-->
<OH. YOU'RE RIGHT....>
<IT'S HIM.>

NATASHA?
JAMES BARNES, NOW A FREE MAN. AND UPGRADED. ENOUGH OF A BOYFRIEND TO USE HER NICKNAME.
I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED. SO IF YOU WANT TO *TALK*, OR IF YOU WANT ANY HELP WITH, YOU KNOW--
--*WORKING* THIS?

I COULD JUST USE SOME MORAL SUPPORT, JAMES.
BECAUSE WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IS THIS...
...FIND EVERYONE I "LOVE"...
--YOU INCLUDED. DON'T ARGUE AND DON'T ASK--
...SEE THEY'RE PROTECTED...
...FIND OUT WHAT THIS "ICEPICK PROTOCOL" IS...
...AND WHO'S USING IT...
...BRING EVERYTHING THEY ARE CRASHING DOWN...
...KILL EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM...
...AND TOAST IVAN IN THE BLAZING RUINS.
COULD BE TRICKY.
NEXT: RED ROOM/ WINTER SOLDIER.

NEXT ISSUE



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